

The Evening World

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NO ROD IN NEW YORK SCHOOLS.

When corporal punishment in the New York schools was abolished in 1869, that was progress. To restore the system after thirty-five years would be to step backward. The principals who advocate this retrogression may be efficient in matters of school routine; their course inspires public doubt as to their equipment in tactfulness and sympathy.

It is significant that when the 6,000 teachers of New York had their opinions sought on this question of bodily chastisement, only 1,200 responded, and these in such a way as to denote little interest in the matter. Is it possible that the 575,000 pupils in the city have been so divided by chance that the unco had fall all to the worriment of certain school principals?

"I don't want corporal punishment," said one dissenter at the principals' hearing, "because I have a very bad temper." So he voiced one of the most powerful arguments against the rod—laying aside questions of sentiment, parental prerogative and the right upbringing policy.

A quick blow is the ready sequence of a quick temper. If the blow prove undeserved, what is to cure the lasting smart of injustice, what is to restore that confidence of pupil in teacher which is essential to the success of both? It is better that a few mischievous go insufficiently punished, in the absence of good training at home or a tactful master at school, than that the rod fall wrongfully on a single boy or girl in the class-room.

A DESERVED HONOR.

Fifteen years ago a cultivated young society woman who "liked Italians," as she said, went to live in a neglected old mansion in the heart of the Chicago tenement-house district, and there, amid surroundings of squalor, she began in a small way the philanthropic work which was to expand into the famous Hull House Settlement.

Next week the University of Wisconsin will confer on this woman, Miss Jane Addams, in recognition of her eminent services in the uplifting of the poor with whom she cast her lot, the highly prized degree of Doctor of Laws. Considering the sex of the recipient and the reasons for its bestowal the honor is probably unique in college annals. And it is deserved to an extent not usual in commencement favors.

Social settlement work is an English idea, and in its present development an Oxford idea. How it has thrived in New York during the nineteen years since its introduction in a top-floor room in an east side tenement-house may be understood from the item in the newly-issued report of the University Settlement society showing its expenditure last year of \$71,572.

The handsome fire-proof building in Rivington street which is now the society's home is the centre of social missionary work of remarkable comprehensiveness and scope under the direction of a headworker and a hundred associates, most of them college bred. Their missionary effort has been of incalculable benefit to the congested region within its influence.

Miss Addams, in an address at Sherry's, spoke of the "genius and rare talent buried in tenement-house life." A sample of the keenness of intellect of the children who come within the range of this benevolent and educational work was given in the Memorial Day exercises at the Hebrew Educational Alliance. There "four hundred children of the steerage who six months ago had never spoken a word of English" sang American songs and recited speeches in accents entirely intelligible to their American audience.

A Secret That Would Out.—It seems that the District Attorney knew Andrew H. Green to be innocent of any act of dishonor in connection with the Elias disclosures and that his family and near friends knew. The public suspicion under which his name rested is now definitely quieted. But why could not a more authoritative assurance of his innocence have been given at the time when those who most highly respected him most desired it? The reference which saved the reputation of the living at the expense of the dead appears in the light of the present publicity to have been ill-advised.

ELECTRIC RAILROADS

The news of the hour throws light on the great progress made in electric traction.

The forty new electric locomotives which are to be used on the Central line between the city terminal and North White Plains will have double the horse power of the locomotives which haul the Empire State Express. They will be capable of a speed of seventy-five miles an hour. The New York, New Haven and Hartford is about to install an electric line between Newport and Fall River to replace its steam road. A branch of the Boston and Maine system in Western Massachusetts has been forced to reduce its fares to an unprofitable minimum to meet the competition of the trolley line paralleling it. There are now in the nation nearly 18,000 miles of trolley lines, a large part of them heavily ballasted and equipped with rolling stock of a superior kind.

New York has a direct interest in the proposed "L" through trains from the Battery to Yonkers and in the extensions of the subway connecting lines through the Bronx. By this latter route within a few years it will be possible to take a train at the City Hall which will carry its passengers at high speed through the Westchester cities to the Connecticut line. The suburban resident of 1910 is promised transportation facilities which the commuter of to-day must needs envy him. He will then be enabled in the course of half an hour to reach in comfort and cleanliness almost any suburb within a radius of fifteen miles.

FROM BASKETBALL TO SAFETY.

At this late date a fresh story crops up of the Iroquois Theatre horror in Chicago. It is told by a correspondent of the Critic and refers to the success of a young hostess of a box party who, at that fatal matinee, marshalled all her seven schoolgirl guests to safety. "When I asked her brother how she was able to do it," says the Critic writer, "he said, 'Well, you see, she's captain of her basketball team and used to seeing and acting quickly.'"

This scores again for the athletic girl; scores additionally for sports in which there is helpful training not necessarily marred by straining; adds anew to the arguments for playgrounds and play centres where the youth of the nation, in or out of school, may be not only allowed to play but intelligently taught while at their games to use every faculty to the best advantage.

What the Girl at Waterbury Said.

By
Nixola Greeley-Smith.



WE were told some time ago in the newspapers what the girl at Waterbury said. And we were shocked, deeply shocked, and sympathized with the man who, overhearing it, exclaimed: "Just snakes!" and forthwith proceeded to organize an anti-profanity society. That is, we sympathized with everything except "Great snakes!" Nothing could make New Yorkers take kindly to the bucolic expletive anywhere except in the b'gosh drama, where it properly belongs.

It seems only fair, however, to relieve the awful isolation of the girl at Waterbury by stating that there are actually girls in New York who, doubtless under extreme provocation, have said the same thing—not only in musical comedy circles where picturesque exhortation or disappearing hairpins and curling irons or obstinate slippers is too usual to excite comment, but in the narrower regions of the sewing circle and the matinee girl.

What did the girl at Waterbury say, sales the uninformed but perhaps curious reader. What did you say the last time you stood on the corner of Fourteenth street and waved wildly at a car that wouldn't stop, and then changed it vainly for half a block and, pausing, heard the derisive laugh of some unfeeling pedestrian behind you? Or, perhaps, you only thought it. But any way, that was it.

Jesting aside, however, the number of women who swear—really swear with no half-baked compromises such as darn it or drum it, or any of the other mild substitutes for what the girl at Waterbury said—seems to be on the increase. And the fact is most distressing to chroniclers. In a Broadway car the other day a very quiet, well-dressed, seemingly well-bred young woman signalled to the conductor to stop at a certain corner, and when the car jolted suddenly past her destination electrified her fellow-travellers by saying in the most matter-of-fact tone possible: "Why the— don't you stop?" Yet that young woman, who had grown callous enough to swear unrestrainedly in the presence of strange men and women, certainly shrank with horror from the first oath she ever heard.

Apart from any religious significance which most oaths originally had, but which they have altogether lost so far as any meaning is attached to them by the user, there is something about the sensitive mind and tarring to the sensitive ear. It is distinctly a shock to the first feminine sensibilities to hear an oath, even as one sometimes does from an angry carter or a saloon loafer in the chance contact of the street. And the process of hardening through which she must pass before being able to use herself the expressions which she first heard with instinctive shrinking must be great indeed.

Strangely enough, however, there seem to be women who, while permitting themselves to swear, would be outrageously insulted if they were sworn at. And what the girl at Waterbury said would probably have thrown her into hysterics if it had been said to her.

Yet women who swear should not expect choicer language than they use themselves. And, of course, if they are willing to pay this price for the privilege of ripping out an expressive oath or two at a crucial moment it is entirely their own affair.

SOME OF THE BEST JOKES OF THE DAY.

HELP WANTED.

"Young man," said the elderly gentleman, as he approached the soda counter, "I have a peculiar affliction. The nerves of my eyelids are paralyzed."

"Oh," related the soda clerk, "you want to see the doctor, I suppose."

"No, I want a glass of soda," replied the elderly party, "and owing to the affliction aforesaid I take the liberty of asking you to kindly wink at yourself for me."—Chicago News.

CIVILITIES.

The detective who had run down and captured the bank robber, stood in the corridor of the jail talking to the prisoner.

"Well, my safeblower," he said, "I guess that name fits you. I've got you safe, anyhow."

"That's all right," growled the prisoner. "You're a safe blower, because I can't get at you."—Chicago Tribune.

CURIOSITY.

"Professor," said Mrs. Noozy to the crany old professor in archaeology, "what do you consider the most curious thing you ever saw?"

"Woman, unquestionably," he replied. —Philadelphia Ledger.

WILLIE.

Tailor—Do you want padded shoulders, my little man?

Willie—Naw; pad de pants! Dat's where I need it most.—Chicago News.

ORIENTAL REPORTE.

"Our standing army," began the Jap.

"Huh!" interrupted the Russian, "in a very little while you won't have any standing army."

"Quite so. It will be sitting on your army."—Philadelphia Press.

IMMUNE.

"Young man," said Rev. Goodman, some day you'll bring your father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave."

"No danger," replied young Bakely; "he hasn't any. Worrying about me has made his head bald!"—Philadelphia

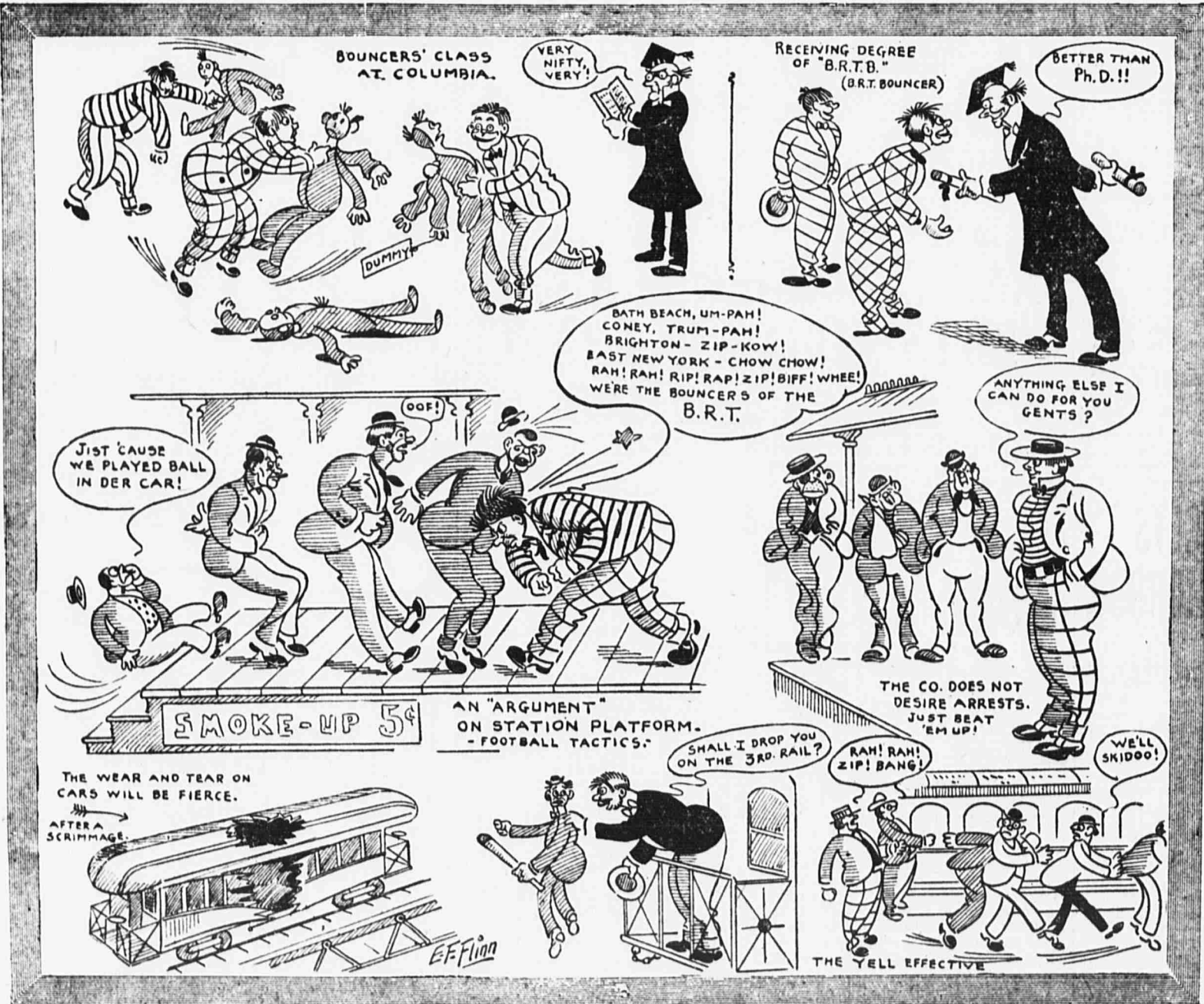
The Rod's in Pickle Again for Schoolboys That Need It.

New York Teachers Favor the Restoration of Corporal Punishment—Both Sides Can Train for It During Vacation.



Use Found at Last for the Trained College Athlete

Seventy-five Husky College Boys Have Been Hired to Suppress Rowdism on B. R. T. Cars This Summer.



LETTERS, QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Brick Weighs Fourteen Pounds.

To the Editor of The Evening World: A reader asks: "If a brick weighs seven pounds plus one-half its weight how much does it weigh?" If a brick weighs seven pounds and half a brick, one brick would weigh fourteen pounds. Seven pounds is the weight of one-half a brick and the half of a brick is the weight of the other half; hence if one-half weighs seven pounds one would weigh 2 times 7, or 14 pounds.

A SCHOOLBOY.

A Bridge Terminal Complaint. To the Editor of The Evening World: The Bridge terminal on the Brooklyn side lately, very, very dirty. Could it not be swept and flushed down with a hose as it is done for the Manhattan

Large stores are cleaned in the night.

Let the tolling thousands see something sweet and wholesome after breakfast.

Apply to Your Congressman.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I am desirous of getting to West Point and I wish to know what proceedings I must go through to get an appointment.

A Salary Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World: A saves one-third of his salary. B saves one-fourth of his. A saves \$3 more than B. B's salary is \$230 more than A's. What's the salary of each? How is that for a problem, readers? Here's a sequel to it: Two-thirds of A's

Two-thirds of B's money equals three-fifths of C's.

Their combined capital equals \$4,250. How much has each? NQSAM.

Color Queries.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Are white and black colors and furthermore, what are the colors of the spectrum? JOSEPH F. CROTTY, No. 58 Gansevoort street.

Black and white are not colors. The seven colors of the spectrum are violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red.

The Interborough Company.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Does the Interborough Railway Com-

pany and the Metropolitan Street

Railway Company? The Interborough Company has leased the Manhattan elevated roads for a term of years. It does not control the Metropolitan Street Railway Company.

Yes. In 1880.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Was Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, ever nominated for Mayor of New York City? If so, on what date? HENRY H.

Physicians Differ as to This.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Which side is it best to sleep on, right or left, and why? P. V.

"Dance Are Heads."

To the Editor of The Evening World: On an American coin which side is

The Man Higher Up

By Martin Green.

Reggie Vanderbilt Blasphemously Said: "Oh, Piffle!"

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that when Reggie Vanderbilt didn't get the blue ribbon at the Philadelphia Horse Show he said, 'Oh, Piffle!' and drove his pair right out of the ring. 'Ain't it a shame!' remarked The Man Higher Up. 'But it happens in every horse show. The Vanderbilts have been getting the cofty gooft not only in Philadelphia, but right here in New York. I saw Reggie's brother one day at the Madison Square Garden show get so irritated when they gave him the gate that I expected him to throw his hat right out on the tan bark."

"Which goes to show that the Vanderbilts yours are not true sports. They have the munyano for anything they want, from horses to hiatuses in Newport, but the chances are that Reggie Vanderbilt doesn't know any more about the fine points of a horse than he does about the points in a game of stuss. The millionaire who thinks he ought to win blue ribbons because he can buy horses like an ancient business man buying houses and lots for a bogus Spanish senorita is dated out for a jar at frequent if regular intervals."

"Some of the offspring of the New York rich know more about horses than men who sleep with horses do. They buy their own nags and drive them and trade them, and they do it because they love horses. Unless a man has a natural love for a good horse he won't take the interest in horses to make him a competent judge, and the professional horse traders give him a preferred position on the sucker list. When the professional dealers get a rich man on the string whose knowledge of horses is superficial the game of the spider and the fly is philanthropy by comparison. Let us hope that after a few more rehearsals against the worst of it in the show ring Reggie will get a strangle hold on his petulance. A hard loser in one of our first families has a tendency to make us fear that we shall have to continue to get our thoroughbreds by way of the naturalization courts."

"He is certainly game the way he is standing by Canfield," asserted the Cigar Store Man.

"Maybe he's game," agreed The Man Higher Up, "and maybe he is afraid that Jerome will make him tell how much Canfield stung him for."

Will Women Be Giants?

A woman's periodical published in London is worried at the size of the modern woman. "Whereas," it says, "a decade since the average size in women's shoes was 3, 5 being accounted specially large, 7 and 8 are now commonly asked for, while the average size has become 5. The little glove has likewise grown into a good-sized hand shoe. My lady's hovery has become bigger at the same time—in short, the average size of 1894 could not wear any article of apparel that fitted the girl of 1874. And where, one now tremblingly asks is this to lead?"

Policemen's College.

There is a policemen's college in St. Petersburg to train applicants for the force. In a museum connected with the school the pupils make themselves familiar with the tools of criminals—limmes, drills, chisels and contrivances for robbing collection boxes. The Russian passport system is studied in detail. The duties of the dvorniks, a sort of assistant police, are taught. They keep watch on the residences, report on the habits of the tenants and their visitors, examine the papers of newcomers and direct them to report themselves at the police station.

The Gook.

IDIOTICAL PAGE OF THE EVENING FUDGE

Ptolemy, of Egypt, Wrote the First Gook.

He Carved It on the Park Obelisk—Here is the Translation.

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Prof. Von Geldric, M.G., D.U.B., of the EVENING FUDGE'S EGYPTOLOGICAL SURVEY, has made the startling discovery that the mysterious HIEROGLYPHICS found on the obelisks and temple gates of Luxor and Thebes were nothing more or less than prehistoric GOOKS!

PTOLEMY I. was thus the FIRST GOOKOLOGIZER. The Egyptian word for gook was Ptokeoi. The GOOK on the PARK OBELISK has been translated by Prof. Von Geldric from Ptolemy's own hieroglyphics. Its first sentence reads (in the original Egyptian): "PTYOU PTICAN PTFOOL PTISOME OF THE PTPEO- PLE PTALL PTTHE PTTIME."

It is difficult to translate this into modern English, but Prof. Von Geldric has deciphered enough of it to CONVINCE him of the AMAZING FACT that Ptolemy the Great unconsciously carved on that obelisk the VERY WORDS which were later destined to become the EVENING FUDGE'S FAVORITE motto and life-precept.

A handsome GOOKOOL CLOCK, with a GOOKA placed on its starboard corner, will be presented by this paper to the FIRST READER who CORRECTLY translates the above inscription into English and who accompanies his reply with a photo of the \$500 man who DIDN'T kill Gerry Flak.

With Scissors and Skill.



Cut out the figure of Meffistopheles and put the pieces together so as to form the head of Lohengrin.